

# Valleys of the Young

Andrew Bird

Do you need a reason  
We should commit treason  
And bring into this world a son? And leave the valleys of the young  
Valleys of the young  
Valleys of brunch and tedium Well, your friends will become strange to you  
Just as you will become strange to them  
You'll live across a great divide  
And the problems that seem like luxuries  
They're off getting stoned and hugging trees  
All the things you'll be forsaking  
Still our hearts are constantly breaking From their cradle to our grave  
Is it selfish, or is it brave? Do you need a reason we've  
Been making all to become three  
And believe in this holy valley Land of brunch and misery  
I'm living on  
The valleys of the young Now you're going on 64  
Driving down 65, to the hospital  
To see if your adult son will survive or not  
After taking those pills in the parking lot  
You know the one behind the Marriott This is a dream you won't be waking  
Still our hearts are constantly breaking From their cradle to our grave  
Is it selfish, is it brave?  
From their cradle to our grave  
Is it selfish or is it brave?

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